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Our Brother in Red.

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MUSKOGEE, INDIAN TERRITORY,

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LETTER FROM AN OLD MISSIONARY.

For the BROTHER IN RED.

I hope my Muskogee friends do not think I have forgotten them. Let me prove to them that months of suffering in a hospital did not drive them from my mind by sending the translation of Mrs. E. Prentiss' beautiful hymn of prayer beginning, "More love to Thee, O, Christ." When I became able to sit up, with sufficient relief from

pain to allow me to read once more, that hymn expressed my own prayer so well that I wanted the Creeks to have it in their own language, so I translated it for them.

The word meaning "give more" or "increase," (used transitively,) is so long that the first two syllables must be spoken on the first note in the last line of the first three verses, dividing it in this way: Ohv-tv-lv-yvs.

I am sorry I could not give quite all the ideas of the hymn in the four verses, but the shortness of the measure prevented.

I hope all who know the original and can sing Creek will take pains to teach those who speak the Creek only how to sing it, for I think it among the best of hymns.

It can be sung to the tune of "Nearer, my God, to Thee," by those who know that, and do not know the tune given in the Gospel Songs.

I send the English also that your readers may have both together:

MORE LOVE TO THEE, O CHRIST.

More love to Thee, O Christ,
More love to Thee,
Hear, Thou, the prayer I make
On bended knee.
This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee,
More love to Thee!

Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best;
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to thee!

Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
If they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise.
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

KLIST TOYETSKAT ECE.
'NOKECVYAN OHVTVLVYVS!

Klist Cesvs toyetskat,
Ce 'nokecis,
Momis vnokeckvn
Ohvtvlvyvs!
Heyvn cem 'pohepis,
Ece 'nokecvyan
Ohvtvlvyvs,
Ohvtvlvyvs!

Heyvmv ekvnv
'Mafvcketv,
Mvn hopoyvyvtes,
Momis mucvn
Cen tvlkusen cv yac',
Ece 'nokecvyan
Ohvtvlvyvs!
Ohvtvlvyvs!

Heres, kontsken omat,
Feknokketvn
Vc ohtotetskvres;
Vc vpvkvs;
Cv nokket wakkvyof,
Ece 'nokecvyan
Ohvtvlvyvs!
Ohvtvlvyvs!

Momet cv 'lvranet
Wakkvyofvn,
Vm ohvtvlvyvs,
Ce 'nokeckvn!
Heyvn cem 'pohepit,
Hesak'tvn wikares;
'Coh vyares;
'Coh vyares.

—A. E. W. R.

The above communication, from Mrs. Robertson, will be read with great pleasure by her many friends in the Indian Territory. In a private note accompaning this communication she says, "I am still gaining in strength, though slowly."

The labors of Mrs. Robertson in the Creek nation are invaluable. She has translated the entire New Testament into the Muskogee language. So far as we know she is the only lady who *completed* the translation of the New Testament into a foreign tongue.

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